

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—James Freeman Clarke

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THE KINGDOM OF GOD

I SAY to thee: do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway or open street,

That he, and we, and all men move
Under a canopy of Love
As broad as the blue sky above;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish, all are shadows vain;
That death itself shall not remain;

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led,

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day.

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

And, ere thou leave him, say thou this
Yet one word more: they only miss
The winning of that final bliss,

Who will not count it true that Love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know:
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,

Despite of all which seems at strife
With blessing, all with curses rife—
That this is blessing! This is Life!

—Richard Chenevix Trench.

THE LAW OF LOVE

*A new commandment give I unto you, that ye
love one another as I have loved you.*

THE measure of our love to one another is the love that Christ showed to us. It is an infinite measure. There is no one who can say, "I have done enough for my brother man; I have loved enough." Beyond our most eager effort stretches the ever expanding loving-kindness of Jesus. There is no one who can say, "I have forgiven enough. If my brother sin again, if my enemy do me another wrong, I will forgive no more"; for beyond our most amazing forgiveness extends the unwearied forgivingness of Christ—the image, the reflection, and the revelation in Man of the unconquerable desire to bless and to redeem, which is deepest toward us, in the heart of God our Father.

There are no limitations. We are challenged by God Himself to share in His infinity. It is a glorious call; and to answer it brings us into the infinite God Himself. "Walk worthy, then, of the vocation wherein ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering, forbearing one another in love."

Life has varied circumstances, but this law fits them all. Try it in a few cases. We have our failings; and half the quarrels and unhappiness of man arise from our finding out and magnifying our neighbor's failings into sins. We have peculiarities of temperament, twisted moods, turns of manner, which disturb our home and our friends. If we emphasize them in ourselves, we double the materials of unkindly strife. Then steps in the law of love to make our peace: "Forbearing one another in love."

We do wrong to others; or, we are wronged. Being wronged, we stand on our rights, and demand submission. Foolish people! That is not the way to victory. The true conquest is to win the heart of those who have done you wrong. . . . Or, we are too proud to ask pardon for the injury which we have done. We wish for our

revenge and wait for it. We say to our injurer, "Thou shalt not come out into forgiveness until thou hast paid the uttermost farthing." Or, having done the wrong, we do not forgive ourselves, but impute the pain of conscience that we suffer to the person we have wronged, and picture him as our enemy, and finally come to hate him. We will not forgive him, lest we should seem to confess our wrong; and so the vain and miserable strife is deepened.

The law, "Bear ye one another's burdens," is founded on the necessities of our human nature. It is not necessary to obey it because it is commanded; it is commanded because it is necessary. It fits into the wants of man. For we are all dependent on one another. The life of each nation, each society, each man, depends upon the mutual giving and receiving, bearing and forbearing of all the rest. The moment that, through selfishness of life, we divide ourselves from those living and dying for others, the moment we isolate ourselves, we pronounce our own sentence of death.

Giving and receiving, bearing and forbearing, supporting, comforting, uplifting, giving and permitting sympathy, strengthening and being strengthened—there are those who thus fulfill the law of love. And this is their reward: the more they love, the more they have power of love. And, loving thus, they bind themselves to God.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

LONG AGO

I ONCE knew all the birds that came

And nested in our orchard trees;

For every flower I had a name—

My friends were woodchucks, toads, and bees;

I knew where thrived in yonder glen

What plants would soothe a stone-bruised toe;

Oh, I was very learned then!

But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill

Where checkerberries could be found;

I knew the rushes near the mill,

Where pickerel lay that weighed a pound!

I knew the wood, the very tree

Where lived the poaching, saucy crow,

And all the woods and crows knew me—

But that was very long ago!

And pining for the joys of youth

I tread the old familiar spot,

Only to learn this solemn truth:

I have forgotten—am forgot.

Yet here's this youngster at my knee

Knows all the things I used to know.

To think I once was wise as he!

But that was very long ago.

—*Eugene Field.*

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR A SICK WORLD

UNNUMBERED antidotes, many of them purely social and economic, are daily advised for a world which most observers agree is pretty sick. But President Harding is of those who believe that the old medicine—faith in God and loyalty to the eternal verities—is still the only cure. Writing to the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, which met recently in New York, he pays tribute to the strength and persistence of the Jewish faith, and the continuing influence and power of the Jewish people, and says:—

"I cannot but feel that these things are in large measure owing to the Hebrew conception of the personal God and of the individual accountability of men and women. There is evident almost everywhere in the world the need for a restoration of the soul of religious devotion; for individual consecration to that ideal of religion which recognizes it as able to give something that neither patriotism nor civic virtue can ever afford. The human race, or certainly great and potential sections of it, has been getting away from its religious moorings. It needs a revivification of the sincere conception of the personal relationship of God to man and of man to God; a restoration of faith in the fundamentals that are eternal. The world needs the assurance of faith in the Almighty, and the tranquillity which comes of that faith."

The President is undoubtedly right in saying that great multitudes cling with fervor to the fundamentals of religion, and wait only to be instructed and led in their application to life, says the *New York Times*, adding:—

"It probably is not true, as a New York clergyman would have us believe, that the young men of to-day, especially those in college, are keen on the nice points of theological controversy, and make distinctions between ministers of religion who are 'reactionary' and those who are most up to date. There is, however, much evidence going to show that young men are peculiarly open to religious appeals that are simple, manly and direct, and that go to the essentials of clean living, unselfish action and conduct shaped as ever under the Great Taskmaster's eye. Whatever the changing forms of faith and worship as times change, the spirit of religion itself stands behind them all, as indestructible as ever. For insisting upon this truth and calling for its wider realization, President Harding merits all the attention and praise that his letter will receive."—*The Literary Digest.*

Some of your griefs you have cured,

And the sharpest you still have survived;

But what torments of pain you've endured

From the evils that never arrived!

A FRIEND FROM FAR AWAY

MANY members of the *Cheerful Letter* circle used a rubber comb when they dressed this morning. Some of us put on shoes with rubber heels, others had to wear rubber overshoes when they started out to school or to work. Those who did go to school probably used pencils with rubber tips. A good many of us met autos rolling along on rubber tires. And—but there is no end to the other uses of rubber that are seen every day of our lives. Sometimes the stuff is gray and soft; sometimes it is black and hard; it can take a great many different forms, but we usually know them all to be really the same substance.

Our great-great-grandfathers knew very little about rubber. Bits of the soft, tough gum of certain strange tropical trees had been treasured as curiosities even before their day; sailors returning from voyages to Brazil had brought these home merely because of their strangeness—not with any idea that the queer material could be made useful. After a time it was noticed that a cloth spread over with the foreign gum became water-tight: that suggested valuable forms of use. About one hundred years ago a few people in our own country had clumsy boots made of rubber, to wear in wet weather. One old lady a few years ago said she could remember cutting little pieces out of the upper edge of her father's rubber boots, to use in erasing pencil marks at school!

A large part of the best "raw" rubber comes now from Brazil; a good deal comes from central Africa; and great quantities are raised on some of the East India Islands. For many years manufacturers had to depend on the natural supply from wild forests, but now rich and powerful companies are organized for the cultivation of rubber trees where nature did not plant them at all. It took a great many experiments, much patience and vast expense, to learn the right methods of raising rubber trees, but now the enterprise is quite successful. It has to be carried on in lands with a tropical climate. Rubber trees would promptly die of homesickness if asked to live out of doors in the cooler portions of our own United States.

The best Brazilian rubber trees often grow from forty to eighty feet high, with trunks measuring perhaps three to ten feet around the thickest part, near the ground. These trees have a sticky juice or sap flowing upward through the inner layers of their bark. When a cut is made to just the right depth, the sap oozes out, looking somewhat like milk: the fresh sap is almost white. It soon changes from a running liquid to a soft stringy condition; and if the strings are rolled in the warm palm of one's hand, they can quite readily be made into a ball. The warmth of the

hand seems to help change the liquid stuff into a soft solid.

Ever so long ago the natives of the forest-lands alongside the Amazon River learned that curious fact about this particular kind of tree-sap; and they told or showed white men how to harden bigger quantities of the stringy substance, by putting it on the end of a long stick and holding it over a slow, smoky fire. As white men gradually found more and more uses for rubber in civilized lands, they paid the natives to collect raw rubber in the forests and make it into balls, and then to bring loads of those balls to certain places where trading agents were stationed. That kind of business with Brazilian and African natives is still carried on, although cultivated forests in other parts of the world are somewhat easier to reach. The demand is so great that there is no chance of having too great a supply.

When one first hears of the immense extent of the rubber business, it sometimes seems puzzling. What in the world is all the rubber used for? The biggest growth of the industry has come during the lifetime of people little past middle-age.

One tremendously big field for the use of rubber is in connection with all sorts of electrical work and electrical appliances. Rubber is a non-conductor of electricity and is used in countless ways associated with every sort of electrical apparatus and equipment. Another enormous demand for the material has grown up with the automobile industry: rubber tires alone call for quantities of raw rubber whose reckoning makes one dizzy.

The hard black rubber that we all know in dressing-combs and telephone mouthpieces and hosts of other forms has been through a specially patented process called "vulcanizing." The invention of that process is considered one of the most helpful of all the many inventions of the men of the nineteenth century. A great number of other processes in the manufacture of rubber goods have also been patented; and still men with brains and imagination are thinking up new and improved ways of treating that marvelous tropical tree-sap, to make it serve us in new ways and to serve us better.

An agnostic collegian expressed some doubt to Whittier about the authenticity of the Bible. "I don't believe in things I have not seen," he said. The poet looked at him quizzically a moment and remarked, "Then thee does not believe in anything unless thee or thy friend has seen it?" "No, sir. I do not." "Did thee ever see thy brains?" "No." "Does thee know of anybody who has seen thy brains?" "No." "Does thee believe thee has any?" said the Quaker poet, his face all smiles.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.
Tel. Granite 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary that letters be written with ink.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share towards a friendly understanding.

REQUESTS

1. I shall appreciate it very much if someone will send me *McCall's Magazine* for 1923, also *Needlecraft* or the *Modern Priscilla*. I am not able to subscribe to them. Any good books for the children will be welcome; there are five, from three to sixteen years old. I thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends. (Mrs.) A. E. Hicks, Amherst, Va., Route 3.

2. A dictionary and a Bible are asked for by Mrs. L. M. Parker, Polkton, N. C., Route 2, Box 45.

3. Mrs. F. M. Martin, Midlothian, Texas, Route 2, will appreciate magazines and short stories.

4. Mrs. J. H. Walker, Powellton, West Va., asks for the *Cheerful Letter*, and any other reading.

5. Treva Darnell and Ruth Redding, both of Germanton, N. C., Route 1, ask for views and puzzles.

6. Mrs. A. G. Box, Shamrock, Texas, writes: "I would appreciate books and magazines. I also have a lad of ten that dearly loves to read."

7. Am a poor woman with four children, ages one year to six. We have no church or Sunday

School. I should like a Bible and the *Cheerful Letter*. (Mrs.) C. T. Humphreys, Coleman's Falls, Va., Route 1, care of C. W. Grasty.

8. Mrs. Irvin A. Hancock, Sylvester, Ga., Route 1, Box 78, living in a lonely place about one mile from the public road, would appreciate good reading, and quilt scraps.

9. Miss Sarah J. Traywick, Marshville, N. C., Route 4, asks for a dictionary and a book of poems for her eleven-year-old niece.

10. My husband died leaving me with four children, three boys, eleven to four years and one girl eight years old. I am trying to make a living the best I can for them. We live far from town and church. Please send me the *Woman's Home Companion*. (Mrs.) Belle Lackey, Ferrum, Va.

11. I live in the country and have three children, one boy and two girls, who like to have reading. I would appreciate some reading matter for myself, and would be glad to have a correspondent. (Mrs.) W. B. Phillips, Polkton, N. C., Route 2, Box 9.

12. Please allow me through the *Cheerful Letter* to thank the many friends for past favors. I have changed my address: it is now Fieldale, Va. My mother has lost her right eye since I

wrote last. My sister would appreciate some embroidery cotton, and we would both be glad of some good reading. Bernice Martin, Fieldale, Va.

13. I am a girl aged nineteen, the oldest child in our family of ten. I would be so glad if I could get any kind of books or magazines to read. Quilt scraps would be appreciated too. I would like to correspond with some girl friends. I live in the mountainous part of North Carolina, a long way from church and school. Anything to read will be a great pleasure to us all. My reference is Rev. Eli Graham, Whitetop, Va., Route 2. Bertha Hurley, Tuckerdale, N. C.

14. I am the mother of seven children, all grown up but three. Those three and myself live with a married son. My husband stays and cares for an invalid brother. Any quilt scraps that you can spare will be gratefully appreciated; my quilts are scarce and badly worn. (Mrs.) L. R. Rogers, care of Mr. Graham Peterson, Ingold, N. C., R. F. D.

15. We live near the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, in a very beautiful valley. In summer we have most all kinds of fruits and vegetables, also good cold mountain water, for which this country is noted. Our fathers are farmers, and we have good crops most every year. We go to the Blue Ridge Mission School in winter, and have finished the seventh grade. We both are sixteen years old, and have brown hair, brown eyes, and fair complexion. We would like to correspond with some *Cheerful Letter* girls, and to receive pictures, novels, or any kind of good literature. Two chums: Addie Morrison, Buffalo Ridge, Va., and Beulah Baliles, Stuart, Va., Route 5.

16. I come again, asking for the *People's Home Journal*, beginning with January, 1923; and I would be glad of some scraps for patchwork. (Mrs.) Lucy Jones, Bassett, Va., Route 3.

17. Would you be so kind as to send me a correspondent? I am a poor woman with six children. I would like to correspond with some lady who would send me reading matter. (Mrs.) P. I. Davis, Polkton, N. C., Route 2.

18. Views, puzzles and reading matter are asked for by a fourteen-year-old girl, Catherine Southurn, Meadows, N. C., Route 1, Box 17.

19. Mrs. Mollie Roberson, Elamsville, Va., Box 31, asks for *Good Housekeeping* or the *People's Home Journal*.

20. Mrs. Bessie D. Wright (born Bessie Bradley), Madison Heights, Va., writes, "My husband and I are both fond of reading."

21. Rev. P. L. Nowlen, Elamsville, Va., greatly needs a minister's Bible, *Hastings' Bible Dictionary* and *Pilgrim's Progress*. He has eight children, the oldest a girl of thirteen and the youngest twins (a boy and girl), one month old. He belongs to what they call "the Church of the Brethren," whose faith and practice are based on the New Testament. He is about thirty-four years old; receives no salary, but runs a rented farm for a living.

22. I would like any good reading, also scraps for dust-caps or for patchwork. Either one would give me something I could work at and pass off the time. I have been almost an invalid for twenty years, and can't work like others. (Mrs.) A. Moseley, Ada, Okla.

HOW TO USE THE FLAG

A flag circular signed by Robert C. Davis, adjutant general of the Army, dispatched to every Army post and military establishment under the War Department, describes how the American emblem should be handled on all occasions. It gives the proper manner of displaying the national colors.

The circular makes it plain that the War Department is without authority for prescribing rules and regulations governing the manner in which private citizens are to handle the flag, but the directions given in the circular call for observance within the Army.

The answers to the various questions which arise will be evident if it is kept in mind that the national flag represents the living country and is itself considered as a living thing. The union of the flag is the honor point; the right arm is the sword arm and therefore the point of danger and hence the place of honor.

The staff edge of the flag is the "right" edge. When the national flag is carried, as in a procession, with another flag or flags, the place of the national flag is on the right (*i. e.*, the flag's own right). When the national flag and another flag are displayed together, as against a wall from crossed staffs, the national flag should be on the right (the flag's own right, the observer's left), and its staff should be in front of the staff of the other flag.

When a number of flags are grouped and displayed from the staffs the national flag should be in the centre or at the highest point of the group. When the national flag is hung either horizontally or vertically against the wall the union should be uppermost and to the flag's own right. When displayed from a staff projecting

horizontally or at an angle from a window or the front of a building, the same rules should be observed; the union should go clear to the peak of the staff, unless the flag be at half staff.

The flag must always be given precedence over other emblems.

When flags of states or cities or pennants of societies are flown on the same halyard with the national flag, the flag must always be at the peak. When flown from adjacent staffs the national flag should be hoisted first.

When not flown from a staff, the American flag should always be hung flat, whether indoors or out.

It should not be festooned over doorways or arches nor tied in a knot nor fashioned into a rosette. When used on a rostrum it should be displayed above and behind the speaker's desk. It should never be used to cover the speaker's desk nor to drape over the front of the platform. For this latter purpose as well as for decoration in general, bunting of the national colors should be used.

Under no circumstances should the flag be draped over chairs or benches, nor should any object or emblem of any kind be placed above or upon it, nor should it be hung where it can be easily contaminated or soiled. No lettering of any kind should ever be placed upon the flag. It should not be used as a portion of a woman's costume nor of a man's athletic clothing. A very common misuse of the flag is the practice of embroidering the flag on cushions and handkerchiefs and the printing of the flag on paper napkins. These practices, while not strictly a violation of law, certainly are lacking in dignity and good taste.

When flown at half-staff the flag is always first hoisted to the peak, the honor point, and then slowly lowered to the half-staff position, but before lowering the flag for the day it is raised again to the head of the staff; for the nation lives and *the flag is the living symbol of the nation.*

When flags are used in connection with the unveiling of a statue or monument, they should not be allowed to fall to the ground but should be carried aloft to wave out, forming a distinctive feature during the remainder of the ceremony.

The flag should not be allowed to touch the ground.

Old or worn-out flags should not be used either for banners or for any secondary purpose. When a flag is in such a condition that it is no longer a fitting emblem for display, it should not be cast aside nor used in any way that might be viewed as disrespectful to the national colors, but should be destroyed as a whole, privately, preferably by burning or by some other method lacking in any suggestion of irreverence or disrespect to the emblem representing our country.

HIAWATHA'S SAILING

THIS is the way the poet tells about the building of the first Indian canoe. It is one of the most beautiful parts of the long poem called *Hiawatha*. The words are so plain and simple, a clever boy or girl could make a toy canoe from its descriptions, and at the same time the lines are so musical they almost sing themselves. It adds to the pleasure of reading, if we take pains to notice how Longfellow every time chose exactly the right words to use in speaking of each kind of tree: the kind whose little leaves "rustle"; the kind whose foliage grows in feathery "tassels"; the kind whose close masses of evergreen make a "robe of darkness," and whose clear, sticky sap runs down like "tears." If you read the poem aloud (do try it!), notice how the perfectly even measure of the last ten lines suggests—with the very rhythm of the syllables—the lovely, ripply level of a quiet stream or a sheltered lake. The regular accents of the syllables are like the tiny ripples, and the exact evenness in the length of the lines themselves makes us think of a long level surface.—EDRRA.

"GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.
Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the summer time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, "Behold me!
Geezis, the great sun, behold me!"
And the tree, with all its branches,
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"
With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward.
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder;
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me."
Through the summit of the cedar
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"
Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,

Shaped them straightway to a framework;
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!

Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-tree!

My canoe to bind together;

So to bind the ends together

That the water may not enter,

That the river may not wet me!"

And the Larch, with all its fibres,

Shivered in the air of morning,

Touched his forehead with its tassels,

Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,

"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"

From the earth he tore the fibres,

Tore the tough roots of the Larch-tree,

Closely sewed the bark together,

Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir-tree!

Of your balsam and your resin,

So to close the seams together

That the water may not enter,

That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir-tree, tall and sombre,

Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,

Rattled like a shore with pebbles,

Answered wailing, answered weeping,

"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,

Took the resin of the Fir-tree,

Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,

Made each crevice safe from water.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded,

In the valley, by the river,

In the bosom of the forest;

And the forest's life was in it—

All its mystery and its magic,

All the lightness of the birch-tree,

All the toughness of the cedar,

All the larch's supple sinews;

And it floated on the river

Like a yellow leaf in autumn,

Like a yellow water-lily.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

COURTESY IN THE HOME

A HUSBAND and wife in love, especially if they are young, are too apt to reject the formalities of courtesy as being artificial, irksome, unnecessary in such an ideal union as theirs. They imagine that soul will speak to soul, without the bother of employing those tedious tricks of phrase and gesture which mankind has invented and gradually perfected for the conduct of human relations. They seem to say, "Oh, he will understand! Oh, she won't mind! He cannot possibly be in any doubt as to my feelings. Why then trouble with

these ceremonies which are for persons who don't comprehend each other?"

I do not assert that all, or nearly all, married couples reason thus, but the evidence is abundant that a considerable proportion of them do. And never was reasoning more false and absurd.

Good manners were devised to act as a buffer between individualities in collision. They soften the crudity of human intercommunication. Good manners are a symbol of real or supposed good feeling. If the good feeling exists, they serve hourly to illustrate it. If it doesn't exist, they in some measure take its place. At worst, they cannot impair the good feeling; they always strengthen it.

So far from good manners being superfluous in extreme intimacy, they are more necessary in extreme intimacy than in mere friendship or acquaintance; because each intimate, whatever he or she may bravely pretend, is in truth extremely sensitive in his reactions to the behavior of the other intimate. Ill-mannered phrases and tones remain obstinately in the memory, waiting a chance to spring up out of recollection and exasperate a difficult later moment. Again good manners, by which I mean ceremonious good manners, are the surest preventives of out-breaks of bad temper. Bad temper needs a jumping-off place, and good manners will deprive it of a jumping-off place; whereas a breezy curt rudeness, though founded on real affection, will provide a dozen jumping-off places in half an hour.

There are married couples who leave their manners behind them at the railway station on the return from the honeymoon; there are couples who carelessly drop them bit by bit on the stiff road through the first year of wedlock. They are all misguided, and they all ultimately pay for their negligence. "Love one another" is a prince among maxims; but love is not to be maintained by vigilance alone. "Be polite to one another" is also a prince among maxims; and everybody can achieve it with patience and practice.—Arnold Bennett.

"What!" exclaimed the very economical lady who was visiting an occupant of an almshouse, "you have two pairs of spectacles! I never heard of such extravagance. Whatever do you want with two pairs?" "Well, mum," replied the unabashed old lady, "I have to keep one pair to find the other with."—*New Commonwealth*.

Edward, aged six, was sent to a barber's shop to get his hair cut. The assistant who attended to him had red hair. "Would you like to have your hair cut like mine?" asked the barber with a kindly smile. "No, sir," answered Edward. "Cut it some other color, please."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also *letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George G. Saville, 30 Woodward Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters asking for music and letters offering music* should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 354 East 30th St., New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Avenue and 20th St., New York City.

There is more and more interest in "community" or neighborhood singing.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 76 Edgemere Road, Quincy, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and eighteen libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Francis Hastings, Kendal Green, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

Notice to those who give:—

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

To those who receive:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.